Speculum Crape-Gownorum:

OR, AN OLD

Looking-Glass

FOR THE

Young Academicks, new Foyl'd:

WITH

REFLECTIONS

On some of the late

HIGH-FLOWN SERMONS.

To which is added,

An ESSAY towards a SERMON of the Newest Fashion.

By a Guide to the Inferiour Clergy.

The Second Edition Corrected and Enlarged.

——— *Ridentem dicere Verum*
Quis Vetat? ———

LONDON,
Printed for *E. Rydal.* 1682.

WE find there are a ſort of people very much troubled to behold their deformities in this *Looking-Glaſs*, and have therefore hired that Muſty-brain'd Fool *Heraclitus*, to beſtow ſome of his Carman like *Thames-ſtreet* Raillery upon it. But in regard that all unbyaſſed Readers, cannot but perceive that the thing was never intended to be otherwiſe than what it is, *a mixture of old and new*; ſince the mixture of folly and extravagance in the Young Clergy is ſtill the ſame; therefore that *Jack-Pudding* to the *Bear-Garden*, *Heraclitus*, might have ſpared his bank-ſide yeſt and froth till he had met with ſomething that he might have done more prejudice to, than he can do to this *Looking-Glaſs*, a Porter like-Droll, whoſe

—— Triſte Caput faſtidia veſpillonum
Et miſeri mernit tedia Carnificis.

THIS a miſtake---They that ſhould Guide and Conduct the Converſation of others, run in ſhoals to learn Loyalty from the heavenly Diſcourſes of *Roger L' Eſtrange*; and happy is he that can neareſt approach to his directions in their Pulpit Harangues. There is no queſtion to be made, but that all who underſtand the excellency and perfection of Church Diſcipline, muſt confeſs the Church of *England*, under its preſent Conſtitution, to be the moſt Orthodox, the moſt pure, without the Phylacteries of Hypocritical Ceremonies, and the cloſeſt to primitive Inſtitution of any Religion in the World. And this is further to be ſaid for the Proteſtant Engliſh Clergy, that you rarely hear of any that fall under thoſe publick Scandals and Reproaches, for which the Romiſh Clergy, from the higheſt to the loweſt, are loudly and ſo generally taxed, ſo that they ſin more out of Vanity than Wickedneſs.

But the Nation is ſo overſtocked with *Crape Gowns*, that 'tis impoſſible but that in ſuch a number there muſt be failings among them, ſubject to great Remark and Obſervation: An ill Omen of ſick Divinity when it comes to be mantled in the ſhrouds appropriated for the dead. Now theſe men in Crape, as they are generally young, ſo they are generally very highly conceited. A character which they will much more advance, if they refuſe to receive the Admoniſhments of others, as they undertake to be the Inſtructers of others themſelves. And therefore they will do well kindly to accept of this Mirror here preſented them, new foyl'd and furbiſh'd up, to be placed

in their Studies, and look'd in every morning, by which means they will be able to find the reaſon why ſome of their Churches are ſo empty, others ſo numerouſly thronged, and by reforming their own contemplated blemiſhes, gain an eſteem, both of their perſons and their *Doctrine*, more operative upon the good Opinions of the People. No Plagiary Looking-glaſs, as that Coxcomb *Heraclitus* has with a debauch'd, and ridiculous mummery intimated to the World.

'Tis moſt certain then, that there is ſomething which does leſſen the value of many of our Clergy, and render them leſs ſerviceable to the Church, than might be reaſonably hoped for: And this may be referred to two very plain things, the Ignorance of ſome, and the Poverty of others.

This proceeds in part from the old faſhioned Methods and *Diſcipline* of Schooling itſelf: by vertue of which Lads are kept till Sixteen or Seventeen Years of Age, in a pure ſlavery to a few Latine and Greek words, tormented with a tedious ſtory how *Phaeton* brake his Neck, or how many Nuts and Apples *Tityrus* had for his Supper; and inſtead of being inticed and charmed into a Love of Learning, are well laſhed into an abhorrency of their Studies.

Add to this the inconſiderate ſending of all ſorts of Lads to the Univerſities, let their parts be never ſo low and mean, the Inſtructions they have been tutored withal never ſo Pedantick and contemptible, and the Purſes of their friends never ſo bare and ſhort to maintain them there, if they have but the commendation of ſome lamentable Soul, or pitiful conſtruing Pedant, it paſſes for a moſt undoubted Approbation of the Striplings Learning, and that they will prove perſons very eminent in the Church: as much as to ſay, if a Lad, though otherwiſe

otherwiſe a Jolthead, have but ſo much memory as to ſing over to a lamentable Tune Three or Four Scanzas of *Lilly*'s Poetry ; if he be quick and ready to tell what's latine for all the Implements in his Fathers Shop, or his MothersKitchen, if he can but tell a *Sponde* from a *Dactyl*; laſtly, if he can give ready anſwers to the uſual Catechiſm, of *What is his name* ? Where went he to School; What Books he has learn'd ? I profeſs a *Notable Wit*, cries the *Pedagogue* : a hopeful Youth, 'tis a Thouſand pities but he ſhould be a Scholar; he'l prove a brave Clergy man, and an excellent Preacher I warrant ye. Then away with him preſently to the Univerſity, where he learns a little Logick, and a little Ethicks, and to ſpeak Truth and ſhame the Devil, a very little of every thing elſe, and then the next time you meet him, whip ! he's got into the Pulpit.

Well, when they have him at the Univerſitie, what do they do with him there ? There, if he be of the inferior ſort, that he may not over-heat his Brains with Study, he is put to Bed making, Chamber-ſweeping, and Water-fetching, which are no queſtion great preſervatives againſt vain Philoſophy.

However, the *Fellow* whom he ſerves, cannot but in pitie, if not for Conſcience ſake, let him glean ſome ſmall morſels of his Knowledge, which coſts him no more then only the expence of that time while the young Sizar is pulling off his Maſters Stockins, or warming his Nightcap : From thence he learns, *Quid eſt Logica* ? *Quæ ſunt Virtutes morales* ? and to number the Predicaments in their order. This being done, he takes his leave of the Univerſity, and by the firſt Carrier, upon a Pack, away he goes by ſlow Marches into his own Country, with a common place Book, and a *Medulla Theologiæ*, and then have at a Parſonage; for the Gentlemen is put

to his choice, either of Preaching or Starving. Now what a Champion for Truth can we expect from such a one as this? What a Raiser of Doctrines, what a Confounder of Heresie will he be? What an expounder of difficult Texts? What a Resolver of Cases of Conscience? And what a prudent Shepherd to his whole Flock?

Now as there are some who think that Two or Three Years continuance at the University, to be time sufficient to fit a young man for being a great Instrument in the Church, so others we have so moderate, as to believe, that a solemn admission, and the paying Colledge-Duties (without the trouble of Philosophical Discourses and Disputations, and the like) are virtues that will influence as far as *Cumberland*, and improve though it be as far as St. *Michael's* Mount. So strangely are some People possessed, with the easiness and the small preparations required for the undertaking of the Ministry, that though in other Professions they plainly see what considerable time is spent by young Students, before they have any hopes of attaining to experience and Knowledge enough to practise; yet to preach to ordinary People, and govern a Country Flock, is usually deem'd such an easie Task, that every one thinks himself fit for the employment; and that as for the knack of Preaching, as they call it, it is a perfection so easily attained, that he is esteemed a Dunce indeed, that is not able at a very small warning, to fasten upon any Text of Scripture, and to teize and tumble it for an hour, till the Glass be fairly run out, without the Clerks jogging. Though indeed a man had better commit himself to the Instructions and Teaching of an approved Cobler or Tinker, whereby he may be duly respected according to his Art and Condition of Life, than to live only a disesteem'd Emperick in Divinity.

To

To ſupply this want of Education, many of our Youngſters ſeek to advance their Reputation by affected words or affected and obſcure Notions: Believing either out of ſimple, fantaſtick, vain Glory, and a great ambition of being admired at, as if getting into the Pulpit were a kind of *Staging*, that nothing is more to be by them conſider'd, than how much the Sermon procures them the gaping and ſtaring of the People; or elſe to gain a reſpect and Reverence from the Auditors, think it convenient to puzzle them, and carry them as it were into the Clouds: Judging, that ſhould the Miniſters words be ſuch as comes to the common Market, plain and practical, he might paſs probably for an honeſt and well meaning man, but by no means for that thing which he would be thought to be, a *Scholar*. Whereas if he give a ſpring now and then in high Raptures towards the uppermoſt Heavens, daſhing here and there an All-amazing word if he ſoars aloft in bombaſtick Huffs, preaches Points deep and myſtical, and delivers them as dark and Phantaſtical; This is the way to be admired, and accounted a moſt able and profound Inſtructer.

Others there are that ſpice, and beſprinkle their Harangues with Greek, and Latin Sentences. In doing of which, though they ſeem by their ready naming their Authors, to be very converſant with them, yet it many times proves but the gleaning of a quotation happen'd upon by chance; and ſometimes it appears that they are better acquainted with the Character than the ſence, like the Parſon that being to Preach before his Dioceſan, and aſpiring to be more learned then ordinary at ſuch a great time, thunderd forth in the middle of his Sermon out of *Muſeus*, an amorous piece of Courtſhip between *Hero* and *Leander*, quite from the matter. A ſtrange piece of oſtentation to jargonize before Farmers, and Shepherds, or the Patron

of

of the Pariſh ſpecially if inveſted with his Lac'd-coated *London* Viſitants; as if plain words, uſeful, and intelligible matter were not as good for an Eſquire, or one that is in Commiſſion of the Peace, as for him that holds the Plough, or mends Hedges. Another ſort there are that ſtuff their Sermons with frightful metaphors; flie to both the *Indies*, ranſack Heaven and Earth; down to the bottom of the Sea; romage all the Shops and Ware-houſes, ſpare neither Camp nor City, but they will have them. Nay ſo injudicious and impudent will they be ſometimes, that the Almighty himſelf is often in danger of being diſhonour'd; but then to make amends for their unhallowed expreſſions, they ſcrew in an *as it were*, or as *I may ſo ſay*: or elſe they come in hobling with their lame *Submiſſion*, or with Reverence be it ſpoken, as if it were not better to leave out what they foreſee will be interpreted for extravagancy, than to utter that, for which their own conſciences tell them they muſt be forc'd to lay in an Excuſe before-hand.

Some there are whoſe metaphorical Knack is all for the Sea, and then you ſhall hear of nothing but *Star-board* and *Larr board*; *Stemms*, *Sterns* and *Forecaſtles*, and ſuch ſort of Salt-water Language. Another ſuppoſes himſelf to be ſome great General, and he divides his Text into the *Right* and Left Wing; then he *Rears* it, *Flanks* it, *Intrenches* it, *Storms* it; then he muſters all again, to ſee what words were loſt in the Skirmiſh, and ſo falls on again, charges through and through, routs, kills, takes, and then Gentlemen as you were.

Others there are that are all for lacing their Diſcourſes with Similitudes, which are not onely of little force in Argument, but very trifling and childiſh; eſpecially if you conſider the choiceneſs of the Authors out of which they are furniſh'd. There is the never to be enough commended *Lieſthenes*. There is that exquiſite and moſt elaborate

Piece,

Fiece, The *Second Part of Wits Commonwealth* (mind it I pray, the Second Part, not the First.) There is beſides a Book wholly conſiſting of Similitudes, ready fitted and apply'd to all Preaching Subjects, for the help of young beginners, which nevertheleſs they make to hit but very odly ſometimes.

'Tis reported of a Tree that grows by the River Euphrates, *the Great River* Euphrates, *which brings forth an Apple, to the eye very fair and tempting, but inwardly is fill'd with nothing but tempting and deceitful duſt: Even ſo duſt are we, and to duſt we ſhall go.*

Our Souls gape after thee, O Lord, even as the Oyſter gapes.

God has knit the hearts of his People in a holy Conſpiracy to beſiege Heaven.

God has taken off the Bridle of Reſtraint from the Lips of the People.

God was never ſo tempted to bow the Heavens and come down to reſcue his Peop'e.

Others drop into Obſcenity like Him, who was alwaies comparing the ſinfulneſs of Man into *Menſtruous* Clouts.

Others fetch their Similitudes from the Skies. The mercy of God in ſending his Son into the world, was a ſignal mercy, it was *Zodiacal* mercy. I ſay, it was truly *Zodiacal*. For Chriſt keeps within the *Tropicks*: he never goes out of the *Pale* of the Church. But yet he is not alwaies at the ſame diſtance from a Believer. Sometimes he withdraws himſelf into the *Apogeum of doubt, ſorrow and deſpair: but then he comes again into the Perigeum of Joy, content and aſſurance: but as for Heathens and Unbelievers, they are Arctic and Antarctic Reprobates.*

A true Believer, my Beloved is *like a Cat, throw a Cat up, throw her down, ſhe will ſtill light upon her Legs: So let Afflictions toſs a Believer any way, he will ſtill light*

upon

upon the Legs of Faith. The blots and blurs of our sins must be taken away by the Aqua-fortis *of our tears*; a most Chymical expression.

Can any man imagine how the People sigh'd and cry'd, when the Parson made this Metaphysical Confession for them? *Omnipotent All, Thou art Onely, because Thou art All, and because thou Onely art.* As for us, *We are not; for we are but Mites of Entity, and Crumbs of Something.* As if the Common People were bound to understand *Suarez*, and the School Divines.

Did not he do well who taught that Christ was a *Shop-keeper*, a Treasury of all sorts of Wares and Commodities, and thereupon tearing his wide Throat, cry'd out, *Good People, what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? Will ye have any Balm of* Gilead, *any Eye salve, any Myrrh, Aloes, or Cassia? Shall I fit ye with a Robe of Righteousness, or with a white Garment? See here, what is't you want, here's a choice Armory. Shall I shew you a Helmet of Salvation, a Shield, or Breast plate of Faith? Or will you please to walk in, and see some precious Stones, a Jasper, a Saphyr, or a Calcedon; what d' ye buy?*

It would be an endless thing to reckon up all the follies that have been Preach'd and Printed of this kind. Yet there is one of a Person that pretended to great Eloquence in his time, who advising the People to run to the Lord, told them, they could not run to the Lord, much less go without feet. There are therefore two feet, to run to the Lord: Faith, and Prayer. 'Tis plain that Faith is a foot, for 2 *Cor.* 1. *By Faith we stand*; and that Prayer is a Spiritual Leg, appears from *Jonah* 2. 7. *My Prayer came into thy Holy Temple. Heb.* 4. 16. *Let us therefore go unto the Throne of Grace*: there being no coming, and going to the Lord without the Leg of Prayer. The same Person added, now that these feet may be able to bear us thither, we must put on

on the Hoſe of Faith. For the Apoſtle ſays, *Our feet muſt be ſhod with the preparation of the Goſpel.* Was it not elegantly obſerv'd, *That Goodneſs was the milky way to* Jupiter's *Pallace.* But that which follows was far more neat and curious, full of fancy, and worthy imitation upon thoſe words of St. *John*; *Theſe things I write unto you, that ye ſin not.* The obſervation was, That it is the purpoſe of the Scripture to drive men to Heaven, which he made out thus; *The Scriptures contain Doctrines, Precepts, Promiſes, Threatnings, and Hiſtories. Now take theſe five Stones, and pyt them into the ſcrip of the heart, and throw them with the ſling of Faith by the hand of a ſtrong reſolution, againſt the forehead of ſin, and we ſhall ſee it fall before us like* Goliah. Now if theſe things flow naturally, or that a young *Levite* can blow 'em out of his Noſe, how happy is he that can ſtoop in his Pulpit, and make uſe of his Hankerchief, how eaſie a thing is it to drill out an hour in tickling the Auditors Ears with Parables. But if they come hard, Heav'ns bleſs us! how does that poor man labour to make an Aſs of himſelf? for Similitudes without Judgment are the moſt ridiculous things in the world: as for example, the *Round Earth cannot fill the Triangular Heart of Man.* A moſt pithy expreſſion to ſet forth the ambition of Mankind. An Errour to be laught at by the Butchers Boys, who know that the heart is no more triangular than a Town-Top.

The next Ornament of modern Preaching is, *Chiming* of words, as *Faith, Hope and Charity, Hope, Faith and Charity.* Or thus, like the ſecond Peal-changes at St. *Pulchers, Revelation's a Lady, Reaſon the Handmaid, Revelation's the Eſquire,* Reaſon the Handmaid, Revelation's *the Sun, Reaſon the* Moon: Then by and by Reaſon leads, *Reaſon is good, but* Revelation much better; Reaſon is *a Counſellor,* Revelation is a *Lawgiver*; Reaſon is the *Candle*; *Revelation*

the Suffer. Not unlike this was the jingling determination between the old Covenant and the new. *The old Covenant was of works,* the new one of *Faith*; *the old Covenant was by* Moſes, *the new by* Chriſt; *the old Covenant was before,* the new one afterwards. The *old was firſt, the new one was ſecond.* All which being undeniable Truths, there was an end of the buſineſs.

To come now to the method of Preaching, you would think they came into the Pulpit to vent their whimſies and conceits, rather than to Preach ſound Doctrine.

Firſt, before the diviſion of the Text, there muſt be a Preface, wherein it is of great conſequence to make the Text like ſomething or other, according to the dictates of his ingenious fancy. One ſimpers upon his Auditory, and *now methinks,* quo he, *My Text, like an ingenious Picture, looks upon all here preſent*; in which both Nobles and People may behold their ſin and danger repreſented. This was a Text taken out of *Hoſea*; but what if it had been taken out of any other place? why ſtill it might have been an ingenious Picture, had the Gentleman ſo pleas'd. For it was a conceit calculated for the meridian of any Text. And truly in my opinion ſo were all theſe that follow. Says one, *I might compare my Text to the Mountains of* Bether, *where the Lord diſports himſelf as a young Hart, or a pleaſant* Roe *among the Spices.* And there was no queſtion but he did ſo; for 'tis to be ſuppos'd there was no body ſo unmannerly as to hinder him. Saies another, *My Text is like the* Rod *of* Moſes, *to divide the waves of ſorrow; or like the Mantle of* Elijah, *to reſtrain the ſwelling floods of Grief.* The firſt man's Text for my mony; what ſay you? I ſay this man's---no, you are out---the firſt man's alluſion runs higher. You ſhall have another climb up to his Text, as thus; *As* Solomon *went up ſix ſteps to the Throne of Ivo-*

ry,

ry, ſo muſt I aſcend ſix degrees to come to the high meaning of my Text. Cries another, *as* Deborah *aroſe, and went with* Barak *to* Kadeſh; *ſo if you will go with me and call in at the third verſe of the Chapter I will ſhew you the meaning of my Text.* I aſſure ye, very pretty conceits, both; it would gravel a man which to chooſe. There are beſides theſe ſeveral other ſorts of Texts; and truly 'tis well there are, for ſtore is no ſore. *One like an Orchard of Pome-Granates.* Another *like St.* Matthew *ſitting at the receit of Cuſtom*; a third *like the Dove that* Noah *ſent out of his Ark.* There have been ſeveral Texts like *Rachel* and *Leah*; there is one *Geneſis* more wonderful, like a pair of *Compaſſes ſtradling*; and another much more wonderful then that, *Like a Man going to Jericho.*

The Text being thus choſen, and aſcertain'd what it is like, muſt in the next place be divided, and by and by you ſhall ſee an Orchard of Pome Granates ſo ſtrangely tranſmogrify'd, that you would never think it the ſame thing, and a man going to *Jericho* ſo mangled and minc'd that 't would grieve ye to ſee 't. Nevertheleſs you muſt know there is a great difference in the nature of Texts, for ſome *naturally fall* aſunder, ſome *drip* aſunder, ſome *drop* aſunder, and ſome *melt*. There are ſome Texts that *untwiſt*; and in others the words are ſo willing to be parted, that they *divide themſelves*. On the other ſide ſometimes they meet with a ſort of Texts, ſo like Logwood, that they are forced to divide 'em ſix or ſeven times before they can make 'em ſplit to their minds.

But then, O then, there's the delight of their Souls, when the ſentence ends with a jingling Rhyme, and crys clink i' the cloſe; as *accuſatio vera, comminatio ſevera: Dei Amor, Diaboli clamor; miraculum in modo, miraculum in modo.* Theſe were Ticklers: But commend me to him that took theſe words for his Text. *Mat.* 12. 43. 44. 45. *When*

the unclean Spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh thorow dry places, ſeeking reſt and finding none; Then he ſaith, I will return, &c. In which words wonderful things were found out almoſt paſt imagination, firſt there was a *Captain* and a *Caſtle*. Then there was an *Ingreſs*, an *Egreſs*, a *Regreſs*, *and Reingreſs*; all theſe things followed of conſequence, in regard of the *Caſtle*. But then there was unrooſting, and unreſting; for the Caſtle was taken. Then there was number and name; that was in reference to the Garriſon. Then their was *Manner*, & *Meaſure*, *Trouble*, and *Tryal*. *Reſolution* and *Revolution*, *Aſſault*, and *Aſſaſſination*, *Voydneſs*, and *Vacuity*. Thus you ſee by the lucky finding out that *Captain*, and that *Caſtle*, what a world of other buſineſs fell in courſe. This 'tis to have an exuberant fancy, and to have one Eye i' the Air, and another upon his Text.

But more to be admired was he, that out of theſe eight words, *Weep not for me, but for your ſelves*, ſpun out no leſs then eight parts. 1. *Weep not*, 2. *But Weep*. 3. *Weep not, but Weep*. 4. *Weep for me*. 5. *For your ſelves*. 6. *For me, for your ſelves*. 7. *Weep not for me*. 8. *But for your ſelves*. This Gentleman had a ſtrange Command of his tears, Nay he could weep and not weep, he was Weeping Maſter General of *England*. Every Man to his calling: the Souldier to his, *Prime your Pan, cock your Match, blow your Cole, Preſent*, &c. The Weeper to his, *Weep, weep not, weep not for me, for your ſelves, weep and not weep*; Who would not go to this Gentlemans grieving School for an hour or ſo, to hear how prettily theſe words of command run?

Nor was he to be leſs reſpected, who taking his Text out of *Gen.* 48. 2. *And one told Jacob, and ſaid, Behold thy Son Joſeph cometh unto thee*, preſently made it out to the People that *his Text* was a Spiritual Dyal For ſaid he, *Here are in my Text twelve words, which do plainly repreſent the twelve Hours. Twelve words and one told* Jacob, *behold*

thy

thy Son Joſeph *cometh unto thee*, Here is farther, *behold*, which is the Dyal that turns & points at every word in the Text. Behold *And*, behold *one*, behold I *told*, behold *Jacob*. Again behold, *And*, behold *Said*, behold, *behold*, which is the reaſon that this word *behold* is placed in the middle of the twelve words, indifferently pointing at each.

Now for the *Doctrines*, *Obſervations*, and *Inferences* raiſed from their Texts, they are without all Compare.

One takes for his Text, that of *Iſaiah* 41. 14, 15. *Fear not thou worm* Jacob, *&c. thou ſhalt threſh the Mountains*. Whence he obſerved, that the *Worm* Jacob *was a threſhing Worm*.

A ſecond from the Text *Gen.* 44. 1. *And he commanded the Steward of his houſe, ſaying, fill the mens Sacks with Corn, as much as they can carry*, plaid this diviſion upon the plain ſong, *That great Sacks and more Sacks, would hold more than few Sacks and little Sacks: For look*, ſaid he *as they came prepared with Sacks and Beaſts, ſo they were ſent back with Corn. The greater and the more Sacks they had prepared, the more Corn they carried away, the leſſer and fewer they had, the leſs Corn they carried away*. Let the World judge whether this Gentleman was not reſolv'd to ſpeak truth.

No leſs careful of uttering truth was he, that upon *John* 2. *v.* 15. *And when he had made a Scourge of ſmall Cords, he drave them all out of the Temple*, made this Diſcovery; 1. That a Scourge might be made in the Church or Temple, *And when he had made a Scourge*. 2. That it might be made uſe of, *he drove them out of the Temple*. Upon *Matth.* 4. 25. *And there followed him great multitudes of People from* Galilee, he proved another *Columbus*, thus, *I diſcover*, ſaies he, *when Jeſus prevails with us, we ſhall leave our* Galilees. 2. I diſ-

cover

cover alſo a great Miracle, that the way after Jeſus being ſtreight, that ſuch a multitude ſhould follow him. But never was Hawk more quick ſighted than he upon *Matth.* 5. 1. *And ſeeing the multitude, he went up into the mountain;* where he diſcovered, 1. That Chriſt went from the Multitude; 2. That it was ſafe taking warning by our Eyes; for *ſeeing the multitude he went up.* 3. That it was not always fit to be upon plains and flats with the Multitude: Then upon the latter part of the words, *And when he was ſet, his Diſciples came unto him;* he diſcovered, 1ſt, That Chriſt was not always in motion. 2dly, That he did not walk upon the Mountain but ſat; from whence, in the 3d place, he raiſed this Admonition to the People, That when they were teaching, they ſhould not move too much, for that was to be carried away with every wind of Doctrine: unheard of curioſities! O theſe Univerſity *Wits*! there are no men in the World like 'em. Will ye have a ſhort & witty Diſcovery? mind this upon *Mat.* 6. 27. *Which of you by taking thought can add one Cubit to his Stature?* The Diſcovery was, *That whilſt the Diſciples were taking thought for a Cubit, Chriſt thought fit to take them down a Cubit lower.* How divinely was he inſpired, that made the following Diſcoveries upon *Matth.* 8. 2. *When he came down from the Mountain great Multitudes followed him.* 1. That Chriſt came down, as well as he went up. 2. That the Multitude did not go hail fellow well met with him. Such a man as this deſerved a good Living; for he ſpoke nothing but upon ſolid grounds. But now here's a diſcovery deſerves to be recorded in Hiſtory. *Matth.* 12. 47. *Then one ſaid unto him, behold, thy Mother and thy Brethren ſtand without; but he anſwered and ſaid, who is my Mother, and who are my Brethren?* upon which he diſcovered, that Jeſus was upon Buſineſs.

Others

Others there are, who being appointed, or chuſing to preach upon ſome point of Divinity, avoid the plain and eaſie places, tending or relating to that Subject, and fetch it in by Head and Shoulders out of foreign Texts nothing at all to the purpoſe; which ſhews a great Maſter piece of Learning; for then the People cry, I could not Imagine what Mr. *ſuch a one* drove at; but yet at length how cunningly he brought it in.—He's a quaint man. Suppoſe for Example, that a young Gentleman were to preach up Epiſcopacy, you ſhall have him baulk all other Texts and take this, *Sirs, what ſhall I do to be ſaved?* For the Greek word for *Sirs*, being *Lords*, therefore they were biſhops that were ſpoken to. Another being to preach up Kingly Government, forſook all other Topicks, and choſe that of the Evangeliſt, *Seek firſt the Kingdom of God.* From whence he prov'd that Kingly Government was moſt pleaſing to God. And indeed, but that ſome men are not ſo apprehenſive as others, the thing is plain; for the Text does not ſay the Common-Wealth of God, nor the Ariſtocracy of God, but the Kingdom of God. But what could be more quaint than this? Suppoſe I were to preach againſt *non* Reſidence; I would ſcorn the common road-- Why? What would you do? Oh! I have it i'my head already, I would chuſe that of *Matth.* 1. 2. *Abraham begat Iſaac.* For (and I wonder how a man could miſs it) had *Abraham* gone a gadding abroad, and not reſided with *Sarah*, he had never done his buſineſs, he had never begat *Iſaac.*

If there be any who think I enumerate theſe things out of diſaffection, they have as little Charity for me, as they have for themſelves, there being nothing more frequent among them, than Envy, Paſſion, Repining, and ſupplanting of each other. There is certainly a moſt profound

profound and awful Reverence to be paid to a true, ſound, and Orthodox Teacher and Expounder of ſacred Writ; but for every Whiffler in Divinity to arrogate that eſteem to himſelf, meerly for his Habits ſake, without intrinſecal worth, is a meer preſumption. They ſhould labour by imitation of their betters, to gain that eſteem, which would be then their due. But inſtead of following their Studies, as they ought to do, you ſhall find ſome idleing away their time in Coffee Houſes, and chattering State Affairs, which nothing belong to them. Others you ſhall meet handing young brisk Ladies in the ſtreet; a moſt unſeemly ſight to ſee long Gowns and Petticoats together; as if there were not lac'd Cravats and Ruffles enough about the Town for that amorous employment: To ſay truth, we have too much prating in *England*, eſpecially in great Cities, where the Bells never lie ſtill all the Week long, from Six a Clock in the morning, till Five at night. And all this to feed the Oſtentation of our Pulpit-Thraſhers. And yet all this while even Preaching itſelf, is, without all doubt, not to be accounted ſo eſſential a part of Divine Worſhip, as Prayer is. In which aſſertion I take the greater boldneſs, knowing that Sermons are only well ſtudied Exhortations, and methodiz'd Inſtructions, whoſe chiefeſt end is but to incite men to the duty of Prayer, or teach 'em the right uſe thereof. An Exerciſe confin'd within the narrow limits only of Induſtry and ſound Learning; of which great Perfections there are but few of your common *Hackny* Sermon-makers, that are too too much guilty. Were Sermons therefore leſs frequent, they would be much more valued: For then would men have time to meditate, and their abortive Irreverences would not drop ſo often from their Mouths, without Soul or Life, as not having ſtaid their time in the Womb of Meditation. I

will

will appeal to the reaſon of any man, whether it be within the Verge of Mortality, for a perſon to Preach at Six of the Clock in the Morning in *Cornhil*, by Ten at St. *Martins Outwich*, and in the Afternoon to be poſted out of Town Six or Seven Miles with a Job of Journy work, to pleaſe a Benefactor in the Country. Nor is this all, three or four caſts of his Office on the Week days, and his hand always open at an hours warning for a Funeral Fee beſides. Surely ſuch a one muſt have a large ſtock of *ready cut and dry'd* to ſet up withal, or muſt be a great Conner of other mens works, or elſe it is impoſſible that ſuch a ſuperabundance ſhould be other than the riff raff, and *quicquid in Buccam venerit* of a mercenary Brain. Neither is this one ſingle Doctors opinion. I find that Reverend and Learned Prelate, Biſhop *Andrews*, confeſſing his own inſufficiency to Preach twice in one day, and giving to his Afternoon Exerciſes the ſevere appellation of *Prating*. Which ſhall we follow then? The light of ſuch a Star of the firſt Magnitude in the Firmament of the Church of *England?* Or the Clouded Reflections of meer Divinity Meteors, that run whiſking up and down to vent their undigeſted conceits, as the Wind of their Phantaſtical Doctrines agitates 'em? What a ſtrange peice of ridiculous Devotions it is, that half a Score Aſtrologizing Conjurers cannot meet over a Leg of Mutton and Colli-flowers, but they muſt have a pickl'd Sermon to prepare their Stomachs. A Uſurer cannot die, a man perhaps that got the very Reward of his Funeral Oration over the Devils Back, but he muſt have a Sermon forſooth, in praiſe of what he never had, his laudable Virtues.

But theſe are accounted helps, or additions, to an ordinary living. And truly if double diligence were a Trade, this double Diligence and carking good Husbandry

 might

might be excus'd, to satisfie the clamours of a Wife for a new Gown, or a fine Petticoat. But it is not for those unjustifiable expences, or to maintain the Pride of Parsons Wives, that there should be a due, and competent maintenance allowed the Clergy, but to preserve them from that contempt that falls upon poverty. For,

Nil habet infælix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit. —

'Tis a sad thing to see so many young Officers in Divinity sneaking in several Villages of the Nation with a lamentable exhibition of ten or fifteen pounds *p. Annum*, and either teaching the meanest of the Parish, or learning themselves to drink Ale, and smoak Tobacco i'the Chimney-corner at old Gammer such a ones House, while he that enjoys the larger profits of the same Parish, is taking his pleasure in some place of more benefit, and better adorn'd with pleasing Society. And indeed there is nothing can be thought to have more hinder'd the People from a due estimation of the *Common-Prayer* or *Liturgy* of the Church, than the employing so many pitiful striplings, and illiterate old mumblers to read those sacred Forms of Prayer: Nor does any thing more keep back the disdatish'd People of the Nation, from coming to Church till the Service be over, than that it is hurried over by some underling twelve pound a year Disciple, with whose Education they are so well acquainted as to know him scarce able to read the Lessons without conning them over. For though the Office of a Reader be only to read word for word, yet People love he should be a person that understands what he reads. But if such a one ventures into the Pulpit, 'tis then a hundred to one but he prates all the Congregation asleep; for 'tis a hard matter for the people to believe that such a one can talk any thing to the purpose, that wants ordinary food for his Family, whose best meal all the week is the Tanners

ners Beef and Pudding for his empty Sermon on *Sunday*, or that his advice and admonitions can come from Heaven, of whom Providence ſeems to have taken ſo little care. Were true vertue and right Judgment reigning in the hearts of men, ſuch idle prejudices would vainly be ſuppos'd, and the Doctrine that proceeded from the moſt tatter'd habit, would be as acceptable as the ſayings that flow'd from he mouth of one clad in Silk. But in regard the world is not ſo abſolutely perfect, it is never to be queſtion'd whether the *Alms-Man-Teacher* of a Pariſh can be reſpected by thoſe to whom he is beholding for his daily Bread. Whether the that cant look out of his Pulpit into the Church but that he ſpies one or other, upon whom he depends, and for want of mony has not confidence to reprehend his Sexton, can utter with courage any thing that can be ſo benefical to his people, as to render them his diligent hearers, and hearty reſpecters.

The Divine Service 'tis true is the ſame, whether read in a Cathedral, or a Thatch'd Church; whether read by an Archbiſhop, or the meaneſt of his Prieſts. But as the Solemnity of the place has a great influence upon the peoples devotion, ſo likewiſe the condition, and quality of the perſon that reads it, whoſe circumſtances, as to this life are ſo bad, and low in this world. Nor do they delight to confeſs their ſins, or ſing praiſes to God with him who ſighs more for want of mony, and Victuals, than for his treſpaſſes, and offences.

Nor indeed can this well otherwiſe be. For where the Miniſter is hard pinch'd as to the tolerable conveniences of this life; the chief of his care muſt be ſpent, not in conſidering what Text to take, what Doctrine to Preach, what Authors to make uſe of; but the chief of his thoughts muſt be how to live, and provide for his Family. He is muſing when the next comfortable, and ſeaſonable

Gooſe, or the next Baſket of bak'd Pears will come to cheriſh his forlorn Stomach: and how he ſhall hold out till his ſmall offerings come in. He is pining after the conſolations of the next Chriſtning Cakes, and the comforts of the next Marriage, or Funeral. In the midſt of theſe fears, diſaſters of great conſequence attacque him. The uncompaſſionate Kite ſurprizes two of his unfortunate Chickens out of the number of three: his only Sow miſcarries: His Neighbours Horſe breaks his Hedge, and devours the ſuſtenance of his ſingle Cow. To him the loſſes of a Spaniſh Merchant, and far more diſtracting; nay we'll ſuppoſe him ſometimes forc'd to mount his ſlow-pac'd *Pegaſus*, between a pair of Doſſers, to carry his brace of Geeſe to Market, for the return of a brown Loaf, and a hard Cheeſe: Cares which are altogether incompatible with Study. The other are conſiderations befitting a poor mans thoughts. For a Family cannot be govern'd by Texts and Contexts: nor will the Infant that lies crying in the Cradle be ſatisfied without a little milk, and perhaps a little Sugar too, though there ſhould be ſome ſhort Syſtem of Divinity in the Houſe.

But grant that our Diminutive Divine be at ſomewhat more reſt in his mind, and that he have ſome kind of competency to anſwer the cravings of Humane Nature; yet not being able to purchaſe the neceſſary helps of good Books, it is impoſſible he ſhould even attain to thoſe accompliſhments which are requiſite to gain him that eſteem which ſhould give him credit in his Preaching. For it is not a ſmall ſix-peny Concordance, nor a Latin Book of Sentences, nor *Caryl upon Pineda*, nor *Dod upon the Commandments*, nor *Clarks lives of Famous Men*, wherein many things are taken upon truſt, *that will do the work*. Divinity is a copious ſtudy; and there are ſo many great men that have writ upon the Subject in all its parts, as require the purchaſe

chaſe of more Languages than one: ſo that they who are diſenabled from the purchaſing part, are no way to be entruſted with the teaching part. A great pity no doubt, that thus it ſhould be, for there are certainly no doubt, ſeveral in this condition, whoſe better parts and ingenuities are curb'd and depreſs'd by theſe Domeſtick neceſſities. For,

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi ——

But ſuch is the eagerneſs, and ambition that ſome people have of going into Orders, that though the Churches, and Chappels we have, are enough, conſidering the bigneſs of the Nation, yet in reſpect of that infinite number that are in holy Orders, there is a very great want. Now whether it be moſt convenient to make Miniſters for Churches, or Churches for Miniſters is the Queſtion. But the Proverb is, talk of any thing but building of Churches. For if we build more Churches, we muſt make more Land for their endowment: which cannot be done without drying up the Sea, and that's a very difficult Task.

However they will get into Orders, come what will of it, though perhaps they underſtand neither their meſſage nor their buſineſs. For ſome are hugely in love with the meer Title of a Prieſt, or Miniſter; others fancy that a long Crape Gown and Caſſock is a handſome garment, though it be in the Winter, and never paid for. But if they get but a Scarf about their Necks, by vertue of a Chaplainſhip in ſome Noble Family, then how big they look in an Engliſh Bookſellers Shop? for the Latin ones they ſeldom haunt, as being out of their ſphear. From thence they cluſter to the Coffee Houſe, there to order the Government, and rail againſt the Diſſenters, men of far more underſtanding than themſelves, and ſhew an equal compoſition of diſcretion, learning, and Charity, of each two drams; their diſcretion in medling with thoſe things that nothing con-

concern them, their learning in the management of their Arguments, and their Charity in the continual invectives againſt they know not who themſelves, and of whom they know no more by due proof, but that they are their fellow Chriſtians. 'Twas a happy invention for the Crape Gown Men this ſetting up of Coffe-Houſes; For to drink in Taverns was ſcandalous, to be ſeen in an Alehouſe more unbeſeeming; but to ſit idling away their time in a Coffee-Houſe, like the Diſciples of *Haly* and *Mahomet*, till it be time to go to farthing *Lantralew* with a young Gentlewoman, that's an employment without the verge of reprehenſion: Eſpecially if they can be heard to rail loud enough, like the Popes white Boyes, againſt Hereſie, Schiſm, and Fanaticiſm. But what's become of *Rome*, and the ſo much exclaim'd againſt *Babylon*? Thoſe are Airy Notions now, *Fanaticiſm* and *Diſſenteriſm* is the mode now, and as they are modiſh in their Habits, they think it more convenient to be modiſh in their Sermons. Beſides the Papiſts are a ſort of cunning Fellows, they argue ſhrewdly, they diſpute Philoſophically and Metaphyſically. And there be many knotty points in controverſie between them and the Church of *England*, which coſt King *James*, Archbiſhop *Laud*, and ſeveral others, much pains and labour in thoſe days to refute, and of late have put Bp. *Gunning*, Bp. *Barlow*, and Dr. *Stillingfleet* to look to their Hits: And therefore our *Crape Gown* men think it more convenient to let them alone, than to betray their folly and their ignorance. But for the *Fanaticks*, they are more eaſily dealt with: 'Tis but going into a Pulpit and calling a man *Fanatick*, and he's preſently confuted with a jerk; 'tis but calling a *Diſſenter Schiſmatick*; 'tis but calling *Religion Diviſion*, and there's an end of the buſineſs. The *Obſervator*'s learned half Sheets come eaſily at a Penny a piece; but *Grotius*'s Works will coſt Four

Pounds

Pounds odd mony, and that will go far in a new *Crape Gown*, and a narrow brim'd Hat, with a Perriwig to boot. And therefore who would not chuſe a lazy Coffee-drinking Life, with the pleaſure of good Company, and ſuffer themſelves to be deluded back to the vomit of Popery, though to their own deſtruction, than undergo the labour of a ſtudious Life, and improving themſelves in the ſoundneſs of that Doctrine which they outwardly profeſs? But let them conſider how vainly they contend to ſuffocate what God has ſo miraculouſly detected; let them conſider the inconveniences of being led aſtray by mercenary Scriblers againſt the diſcoveries of Heaven; let them conſider how wonderfully Providence has protected the Church of *England*, of which they pretend themſelves the Sons and Children, againſt all the various and bloody Machinations of Popery againſt it, ever ſince the firſt dawn of Reformation; and upon theſe conſiderations let them at length give over their cologuing adherence to the Faſcinations of *Rome*, bearing in mind that aſſertion of ſacred Writ, *That there is no Enchantment againſt* Jacob, *nor Divination againſt* Iſrael, *the lot of Gods Inheritance, and his peculiar care.*

But then again, how ſtrangely conceited are they, that after a long conſideration, ſerious meditation, and recollection of mind, are ſo vain as to put their *Conundrums*, their *Quibbles*, and their *Quibus*'s in Print? I met the other day with the quainteſt Raptures and Extaſies in a Bathonian Sermon, Preached and Printed by a Golden Miniſter, that certainly the Wit of Man never invented ſprucer. 'Twas a Plot upon himſelf, to make himſelf the *Chryſoſtome* of the Age. You ſhall ſee how he plays with the Greek, as a Cat plays with a Mouſe.

Haſt thou a Kephalalgia, *does thy Head ache? Haſt thou an* Opthalmia, *are thine Eyes inflam'd? Haſt thou an* Aphonia, *is thy Speech taken from thee? Haſt thou*

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an Oſphyalgia, *do thy Loyns chaſten thee in the night Jeuſon? Mark, my Beloved, that Seraphick Interpretation of the word* Oſphyalgia. *Haſt thou a* Volvulus Inteſtinorum, *a* Miſerere mei, *and forced to cry out, Oh, my Bowels, my Bowels! Haſt thou a* Kakocroia, *is thy Body turned black and ſallow? Haſt thou a* Paralyſis, *is the uſe of thy Limbs taken from thee?* This is called playing at Shittlecock with Greek words. What man of ſence could have refrained from laughing in the Church, to have heard ſuch a piece of Pulpit Buffonry.

The ſame Perſon from *Job.* 26. 21. undertakes to prove that the *Bill of Excluſion* was contrary to Scripture, and that the Parliament were a Company of hot Headed fellows, for reprimanding and making *Thompſon* kneel at their Bar. Now would I fain know what *Job* had to do with the Bill of Excluſion, or the Parliaments ſeverity. But Heavens bleſs us, when ſome men get into a Pulpit, they are ſo rampant, ſo *hoytie toytie*, they know not where their Tails hang. In the next place commend me to that incomparable and admirable Tranſlation of a piece of *Latine*, printed by the *Ludgate* Excommunicator, *Nunquam nec Albiani, nec Nigriani, nec Caſſiani inveniri potuerunt Chriſtiani*: that is, Never was a true Chriſtian found a Traitor to his Prince. This 'tis to have a ſharpneſs and accuteneſs of Wit beyond the common reach of Mankind.

Now laſtly, I cannot but admire at that delicate Inſcription that was printed upon the Portigo of a Nuptial Harangue. The *Royal Merchant*, or a Sermon, by which you are to underſtand, that the two married couple were to take a Trading Voyage to *Matrimony*, and that Matrimony is a Trading Voyage.

Whether what hath been ſaid will have any operation upon our *Crape Gown men*, or no, I know not; But that they may ſee how ridiculous they are when they ſtand fretting, and fuming, and heating themſelves about *State Affairs* in their Pulpits, they are deſired to read the ſhort Sermon that follows, which if it be not altogether their own words, I am ſure is altogether their own ſence.

The

The SERMON.

RABLAIS, *Chap.* 32. *Vertu neſcio quo.*

The Grandgouſier *ſending to know what the matter was, found that ſome of his people had taken certain Simnels from the Subjects of* Picrochol.

MAn of all Greatures is the onely creature that propoſes to himſelf an Aim and an End in what he does. For Man is the onely Creature that Thinks. Yet there be ſome that ſay the Beaſts do think as well as he. *Rorarius* for one: Who that *Rorarius* was, I cannot tell: I muſt confeſs I never read him, but I have heard ſay ſo, and that's enough. Neither do I believe a word he ſays: And my great Argument is this; for that it is impoſſible that a Beaſt ſhould have Reaſon. You'll ſay perhaps, What is this to the purpoſe? I come not here to extol my own parts, as being the meaneſt of my Tribe. But the ſight of ſo many Worthy perſons as I behold in this Aſſembly, inſpires me, methinks, with higher thoughts. Therefore it is that I have led ye out of the way, that I might have the happineſs to lead ye into the way: therefore it is that I have carried ye afar off, that I might have the opportunity to take ye all by the hands & lead ye home again to my Text. My Text, that is like a ſhady gloomy Wood; where, as I may ſay, a man cannot ſee Wood from Trees. Here is in my Text a certain Meaning and profound Sence to be found

out, that lies concealed among Buſhes and Underwoods. And thus it is a frequent thing among us, after a long hunting to ſtart a Hare in a Wood; and then we purſue the little Animal with a full Crie. And thus, my beloved, as I have brought ye into a Wood, ſo I muſt endeavour to help ye out again. Here is a certain perſon in a brown Study, pondering, and meditating, and conſidering with himſelf; and at length, after a ſerious exerciſe of his Thoughts, he found there was ſomething in the Wind: And therefore he ſent to know what was the matter. So then, my beloved, here is the *Hoti*, and the *Dioti*. Here is the *Hoti*, becauſe he found there was ſomething in the Wind: And here is the *Dioti*, therefore he ſent to know what was the matter: *Then* Grandgouſier, *ſending to know what was the matter, found*, &c. Here is then the Perſon, *Grandgouſier*: Here is the perſon that ſent: Here is the perſon that ſent to know: Here is the perſon that ſent to know what was the matter. Then here is the perſon that found: Here is the perſon that found out, the perſon that found out that ſome of his Subjects; that ſome of his Subjects had taken away the Simnels from *Picrochols* people. Then here is *Grandgouſier* the King; a King that ſought, a King that ſent, a King that found, a King that found out what was the matter: In a word, a King that made a great diſcovery. He was a King, for he had power: He ſent; he ſent and found out; he did not ſend by the Penny-poſt-men of little value, he ſent perſons of Wiſdom and Diſcretion; perſons that ſought, perſons that ſought and found. *Verum enim vero quando quidem*

quidem dubio procul quoniam ita certe res ſe habet, quoth St. *Bernard*; and therefore in the management of State-affairs, as it behoves a Prince to have wiſe and diſcreet Counſellors about him; So that Prince who has not, ſhall never make thoſe Diſcoveries which otherwiſe he might. For it is plain from my Text, that a King did, and a King may make a Diſcovery. But forſooth, we have a ſort of people in this Nation that will have the King make no diſcoveries; that would have him be altogether in the dark: I have 'em in my eye, and I ſhall have a touch with 'em preſently. Well then, here is a Diſcovery made by *Grandgouſier*, that his Subjects, that his Subjects had taken away, that they had taken away the Simnels from *Picrochol's* people: *Then* Grandgouſier, *ſending to know what the matter was, found that ſome of his people had taken certain Simnels from* Picrochol's *people.* Leaving therefore the firſt part of my Text, I ſhall come to the Diſcovery, the Diſcovery made of the Simnels being taken away by *Picrochol's* people. Of all which in their order.

The word *Diſcovery*, in the Hebrew *Jetour*, in the Greek *Apocalypſis*, in the Latine *Detectio*, ſignifies the diſcloſing of a thing concealed: and indeed we have had of late years ſtrange Diſcoveries. Diſcoveries of *Popiſh Plots*, *Meal-tub Plots*, *and Presbyterian Plots*. As for the two firſt, I believe nothing of them: For *Rome* and we are agreed: And why the Pope or the Papiſts ſhould plot againſt us, I neither can nor will underſtand. And beſides it is contrary to the Doctrine of *Sam's* Coffee-houſe: But for the Presbyterian Plot, I believe it from my heart:

For the Presbyterians, my beloved, are the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, and ſo are all the reſt of the *Diſſenters* and *Fanaticks*. *Grandgouſier* ſignifies *Rebellion* in the original: and therefore ſaith that Famous *Origen*, *Sufficit nobis quod cognoſcimus Patrem Garagantuæ, & abolebitur nomen ejus.* Now then *Grandgouſier's* Subjects are diſcovered; and ſo there's the firſt thing made out, that is the Diſcovery. And here I muſt tell ye, my beloved, that there is a great contention between the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, and us that are the people of *Picrochol*, concerning the Succeſſion. Now we have diſputed and argued the Caſe among our ſelves, and we find the Succeſſion to be as plain as the Sun at noon-day: For *David* begat *Solomon*, *Solomon* begat *Rehoboam*, and ſo onward, and ſtill you ſee they ſucceeded one another. And though I will not be ſo ſevere as to blame every particular Parliament man; yet this I dare be bold to ſay, they carried the buſineſs higher than they needed to have done: For Loyalty is Loyalty, according to the words of St. *Cyprian*; *Toyaute taute Foberotaton Hapantoon tan tan toon toon.* Neither can Loyalty be Diſloyalty, nor Diſloyalty be Loyalty. Now as there are ſigns of Grace, ſo there are certain ſigns of Loyalty. In the firſt place, for a man to wear a *Scarlet Twiſt* under his Hat-band, is a great ſign of Loyalty: For there is a ſtrange Sympathy between the Heart and the Hat. As the Heart moves, ſo the Hat moves: If the Heart be dutiful and reſpectful, off goes the Hat. A diſloyal Heart, a diſloyal Hat: Which we find too true by the *Quakers* themſelves; who will neither put off their Hats, nor

Swear

Swear before a Magiſtrate, Two great marks of Diſloyalty. I remember, my beloved, that *Pantagruel* dreamt a Dream, and his Dream was this: he dreamt that he was beloved and careſſed by a fair Lady; but at length, that he was metamorphos'd into a Drum, and the Lady into Madam *Madge Howlet*. So it is with the *Quakers*, while the Lady *Faction* careſſes them in their fond Dreams: but the time is coming, and I hope to ſee it, when they ſhall be turned into Drums; that is, be ratled and thumped till they roar again; and *Faction* ſhall be turned into a Female-*Buzzard*, according to that of the Poet; *Hyſteron, tantomen megalopton otera whyon.* Again, my beloved, Scarlet is a Royal Colour: The Robes are Scarlet; and therefore they that wear Scarlet Twiſts i'their Hats, muſt of neceſſity be true blue, as they ſay. For the Twiſt ſignifies Allegiance; and Scarlet ſignifies Cordial, as being the colour of the Heart. So put both together, the Twiſt and the Scarlet, and there's *Cordial Allegeance.*

The ſecond mark of Loyalty, is to drink the *D.*'s health, and cry *Huzzah* --- If you tramp upon your Hat at the ſame time, 'tis ſtill a ſign of a more tranſported Loyalty. For by trampling upon your Hats, you ſhew you readineſs to throw your Lives and Fortunes at his Feet. But to return to the word *Huzzah*---- It is a word of a moſt ſublime ſignification---- It was invented for the uſe of the Knights of the Order of St. *Dive Bouteille*, as you may read in *Joſephus*'s Antiquities of the *Jews*. Some derive it from the Hebrew word *Hoz*, which ſignifies Wealth or Riches, to ſhew that when you drink the D.'s

Health,

Health, and cry *Huzzah*, you drink it out of the abundance of your Loyalty. Others derive this Seraphic *Huzzah* from the Hebrew word *Hazah*, to ſnore or be ſleepie; and then it carries with it this ſignification: That no man ought to ſnore or ſleep when the D.'s Health is drinking; or if he do, that he ought to be waked i'the Devils Name with a *Huzzah*.----

There is one more ſign of Loyalty, and that is when you hear a quaint Notion ſtream from our lips, or the *Fanaticks* run down with a powerful *Sa ſa*, and a *whipping, quipping jerk*, to cry *Hum*,--- *hum*,--- *hum*,--- We love *Humming* mightily--- nay, we'll give you liberty to cry *Huzzah*,--- i'the Church too, ſo it be out of a cordial affection to *Humming*.

Thus you have the Diſcovery, and the Diſcovery made. And now I come to the Third part, and that is the *Simnels*, or the taking away of the *Simnels*.

Upon the opening of theſe Words, the Cabinet of my Text diſcloſes unto you three things. Firſt, That the *Simnels* were taken away. Secondly, The perſons that did take them away, *viz.* The Subjects of *Grandgouſier*. And thirdly, from whom; from the people of *Picrochol*.

And firſt of the firſt, That is, of the *taking away of the Simnels*. Here it is plain, from the Words of my Text, that there was a wrong and injury done; the *Simnels were taken away*. Not willingly, you may be ſure; for elſe there had been no cauſe of complaint; but by force, by violence, againſt Law, and againſt Reaſon theſe *Simnels* were taken away.

Violen-

Violentia extra modum eſt violentia Carnalis, ſaith *Origen*; the fitteſt Author in the World to be quoted upon this Subject. For as he made himſelf an *Eunuch*, and guelt himſelf; ſo would the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, the Subjects of Rebellion, geld us of our *Simnels*, take away our *Simnels* by force and violence. Now, my beloved, me thinks I hear you asking me what theſe *Simnels* are? Theſe *Simnels*, my beloved, are the Rights and Privileges of us Church-men.

Theſe are the *Simnels* which the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, the Fanaticks and Diſſenters, men that will not crie *Huzzah*---- nor wear Scarlet Twiſts in their Hats, would take away from us. There is our *Simnel* of Bowing at the Altar: There is our *Simnel* of the Surplice: There is our *Simnel* of Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction, and that has many Plums in it. The Plums of Commendation: The Plums of Excommunication: The Plums of Endictments, Fining and Impriſonment for Conſcience ſake. Then there is our choiceſt *Simnel* of all, the *Simnel* of our Livings and Tythes. And laſtly, there is our *Simnel* of *Succeſſion*: For the Dukes Caſe is a hard Caſe, my beloved; the Scripture tells us ſo. All theſe *Simnels*, my beloved, would the Fanaticks, the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, take from us by force and violence. Now if the King and the Council, and the Lord Mayor, and the Juſtices of the Peace, will not mind theſe things, we are to put them in mind of their duty, and their neglect of the Church. And then again, if the State do think the Fanaticks to be ill Members of the Nation, diſturbers of the Government, and do proſecute them

them for that reaſon, then are we to encourage the *State*, to bring Texts of Scripture for the *State*; then are we to run with the Stream of publick buſineſs, to Gloſe and Flatter like true Politicians, and all this that we may not loſe another *Simnel* of ours, which is the ſweet *Simnel* of Preferment. Were I now to preach before a great Magiſtrate that had the Power in his hands, I would ſay, My Lord, you bear not the Sword in vain---- The Fanaticks, the Fanaticks, the Subjects of *Grandgouſier*, the Sons of *Rebellion*, my Lord, would take our *Simnels*, our Rites and Priviledges from us. Where are all your Penal Statutes, your Fines, and Impriſonments? Let 'em be fin'd and impriſon'd, nay hang'd my Lord. Let 'em be excommunicated. Do you ſend 'em to us, and we'll excommunicate 'em, and then we'll ſend 'em to you again, and do you ſend 'em to *Newgate*, my Lord. What's the reaſon we have not Juries and Common-council-men for our turn? The Land mourns for the ſins of Juries and Common-council-men. And it is your, and other Magiſtrates duty to look after theſe things. Now if my Lord ſhould ſay, Trouble not your heads with theſe things that nothing concern ye; Do you endeavour to refute and convince them of their Errours by ſound Doctrine and good example of Life: Then would I ſay, No, my Lord, they will never be convinced by us; for we have not Wit nor Learning enough to do it, neither can we take ſo much pains. 'Tis eaſier to talk an hour about State-affairs, and make Satyrs againſt the Fanaticks, than to preach convincing and ſound Doctrine. The Fanaticks therefore muſt be confuted by Bolts and Shackles, by Fines and

and Imprisonments, by Excomunications and Extermination; And therefore pray, my Lord, let 'em be scourg'd out of the Temple; let 'em be whipp'd out of the Nation; and let us not lose our *Simnels* through Oscitancy and Spanish Consideration. And so I come to the last part of my Text, *the People of* Pierochol. Who are they? The People of *Pierochol*, my beloved, are our selves: *Picros* in the original signifies *bitter*, *stingie*, *sharp*; and *Ko'e* signifies *anger*. And have not we reason to be bitterly angry, stingily angry, sharply angry with those that would take away our *Simnels*? So have I seen, when a young Child has carelessly held a piece of Bread and Butter in his hand and looked another way, that a *Grandgonsier* Dog has come and snatch'd away the Childs Bread and Butter, the Childs *Simnel*, and run away with it. Thus we are not to hold our *Simnels* carelessly in our hands; but we are to watch and take care that our *Simnels*, our Rights, and our Priviledges be not taken away. Fears and Jealousies; Jealousies and Fears: Strange Fears, strange Jealousies are among us. The City is ill principled; our Sheriffs are *Whiggs*; our Common Council and Jury-men are rotten at Core. Hence our Fears, hence our Jealousies; hence our Jealousies, hence our Fears; our *Simnels* are in danger. But we hope the Magistrate, and the Civil Government will look better to things than they have done. If they don't, they shall hear of us every *Sunday*, as long as our Throats can swallow *Coffee* and *Tea*.

In

In the mean time, you have heard what *Loyalty* is. Do you continue your Loyalty; Remember Forty One; wear Scarlet Twists; cry *Huzzah*.---- and *Hum in the Church*. And leave the rest to our care.

FINIS.

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